

# A Phantom Zero | Ryu Ando

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## A Phantom Zero

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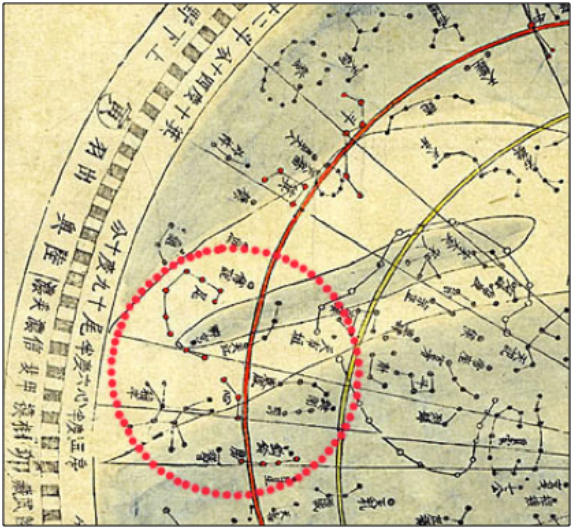
*VIII. § L: Red Shifting To The Future*

Drake's Equation States:

$$N = R_* \cdot f_p \cdot n_e \cdot f_\ell \cdot f_i \cdot f_c \cdot L$$

*“The definition of being is simply power.”*

-- Plato



Detail from: Tenmon Bun'ya No Zu 天文分野之圖

**I. § N: The Drum Star (Orion's Ghost)** (*Let N = the number of civilizations in our galaxy with which communication might be possible.*)

*A. Finding the Tenmon Bun'ya No Zu: Chart of the Constellations and the Regions they Govern*

1                      Look inward to sky and heaven:                      ''

天

2                      Our stories bind us  
3                                      To the stars,  
4                      Bring us closer  
5                                      To their orbits,  
6                      Their power and desire, their  
7                                      Consensual circles of  
8                      Madness and fire.

9    *Gravitas* resides deep  
10                      In those

11                   Dark pockets  
12                   Of the universe;  
13               *Catharsis* twists deeper  
14                   Into the heart of our  
15                   Own darkest  
16   Matters.

*B. Poets of the infinite sea, drowned full fathom five*

17                   But there is no peace here,  
18                   Only ghosts and  
19                                   Fragments of thought  
20                                   Scattered among your maps;  
21                   No hero lives in this poem.  
22                                   No hero lives  
23                                   In this region of the sky.  
24                   Look elsewhere for justice,  
25                                   Look elsewhere for perfection,  
26                   Not between these contested lines  
27                                   And broken rhythms,  
28                                   Perpetually breaking in two.



29                   As you write this  
30                   Your ink dwindles, and  
31                   The Universe expands,  
32                                 It covers you in flood;  
33                   And you realize, too late, that  
34                   Those are not pearls

珠

35   That were his eyes.

*C. Mathematical visions of mind-time*

36                   Fear is etched deep  
37                   With rune and quill,

*sumi*



38                   And needle,  
39                    Into the arms  
40                   Of our slender galaxies,  
  
41                   – Violent ink writ large  
42                    Upon the menacing face of it all –  
  
43                                   A spectral resonance haunts us.  
  
44                   Our suns, ancient wanderers,  
45                   Have gone senile;  
46                   Cold shoulders sag,  
47                                   Their lines strain toward  
48                   Blood-dimmed collapse  
49                                   Along the faults of our  
50                   Wobbling dirt-filled empires.

51 Oedipal dreams and apocalyptic fevers  
52 Inhabit these skies;  
53 We fill these rivers  
54 With blood-seeds and kill-spawn  
55 We cover these lands with  
56 Flowers of fire, inedible poisoned nectars,  
57 With cypress death and mad pomegranate,  
58 Writhing olive and black *sakura*.  
  
59 Hungry poets, all, seize upon these demon seeds,  
60 Seize like sickly beasts,  
61 Speak of new lands un-blighted  
62 – Full of the same milk and honey,  
63 Full of the same *H2O* and *DNA* –  
64 But dying in a tiny corner of the sky,  
65 *Untouched*.

*D. The lost Teahouse of the Infinite Light*

66 I remember you once waited



67 All night in the cold  
68 For Orion's ghost to rise,  
69 Banging on the drum star  
*tsuzumi boshi*

# 鼓星

70 And striking at the sky;  
71 But you did not see Him  
72 And in your hatred  
73 For the setting sun  
74 And the unsettling moon  
75 Rising in silence and rage,  
76 In violence and pain,  
77 You forgot to listen,  
78 *Again.*  
79 There is no peace here,  
80 No universal hearth fire

81                    Comforting the chilled limbs  
82                    Of your inner knowledge;  
83                    *Only horror            and hate            and hiss and loss*  
84                    The smell of the vain and your own glorious dead,  
85                    The snap of your brittle flags planted  
86                    On brittle maps with blurred legends,  
87                    The plastic distractions  
88                    Of the *Spiritus Mundi* gone mad,  
89                    Fueling you onward and outward,  
90                    Strange beast,  
91                    In an eternal *wonderlust*  
92                    For permanence and order,  
93                    For contact with mirrors.

*E. The awakening light*

94                    Yet Orion's ghost shall rise again and  
95                    Bring the Universe to us,  
96                    Expanding and purging, as It does,  
97                    With light and flood – but only if you listen:

*kenshō*

# 見性

98

*Awaken*

99

And we'll haunt these beautiful lines forever,

100

– Suffer in a suspended sea-change –

101

Shine on with the possibility of life,

102

Dangle a future promise

103

Bathed in the passing of light,

104

Like the phantom stars

105

And perfect circles that

106

Haunt our skies.

**II. § R\*: The R\*umblings of Corrosion** (*Let  $R^*$  = the average rate of star formation in our galaxy*)

107                    The great rumblings  
108                    Of our fire-born mountains,



109                    – Ideas born and then  
110                    Flattened into driving,  
111                    Rhetorical plateaus,  
112                    Only to rise again,  
113                    In flame –  
114                    Tell us that time  
115                    Is but an offshoot  
116                    Of speed,  
117                    A fiery tendril of shared experience  
118                    Forged in an ache of death.

119 A fugue of life

120 Twists through us,

121 A force of green-fused electric

122 Full of

123 Intention wound forever tight

124 Like a tourniquet.

125 *Form is a mirage, the*

126 *Mountains sigh through us.*

127

128 Their being is simply power:

# 色即是空

*shiki soku ze kuu*

129

130 Suns are born

131 In this quavering of time,

132 And they die as



133 Cold and numb as  
134 The years spent waning  
135 On that infinite plain.

136 All that will exist  
137 Has already passed,  
138 A shadow crosses the dial of the sun;  
139 All remains  
140 Suspended in stubborn  
141 Isolation,  
142 Locked in a quantum of amber:  
143 Atoms quarks bosons  
144 – Figural phantoms alike –  
145 Fill the killing fields of time.

# うたかたの日々

*utakata no hibi*

146                    They shout as

147                    *A lotus perpetually*

148                    *Unfolds in lost*

149                    *Whispers;*

150                    *A dissipating icicle sighs*

151                    *In eternal drip-drop*

152                    *Suspension;*

153                    *A crow's arcing flight dives on*

154                    *Caught forever in*

155                    *Mid-air collisions;*

156                    *A bubble spans*

157                    *In permanent ephemeral*

158                    *Tension, bursting*

159                    *Dusk fades around*

160                    *A brightening star*

161                    *Sinking at our horizon*

162            *Ice burns my hands*  
163            *In a slow dissolution*  
164            *Of painful delight*

165            *Our sinking moon,*  
166                    *Half lost in shadow,*  
167                            *Hints at all the things*  
168            *We left unsaid*

169            *The writhing olive branch*  
170                    *Held aloft in mid-breeze*  
171                            *Sheds its half-moon leaves*

172            *And then a dream comes to me,*

173            夢

174            *yume*

175 Distant and fractured,  
176 Of sputtering pixel-red petals,  
177 Decayed sub rosa projections  
178 Spilt upon wondrous  
179 Hanging gardens of stone  
180 Cracked black by fires  
181 Raging in eternal  
182 Extinguishment.

183 Seven billion wonders of the world  
184 Collapsed upon themselves and  
185 Rose again in unison,  
186 Since we last sat  
187 Together,  
188 Contracting and bulging in force.

189 We see the crushed remains  
190 Of our celestial calculations  
191 Expanding and purging in time but  
192 *Lost* to our time, an *Antikythera*

193 Groaning under the weight of  
194 Corrosive centuries.  
195 Salt scours our wounds, time  
196 – Unwound –  
197 Winds up yet again.

198 And yet a rose  
199 *Again* blooms, *sub rosa*  
200 Along these wasted, yet trembling  
201 Solitary fringes

# 薔薇

202 *bara*

203 And this impenetrable  
204 Fountain spills its secret:

205                    *Take a piece of my petals,*  
206                    *Folded like whispering lips,*

207                    **(It says)**

208                    *And give it, still quivering,*  
209                    *So that you might taste*

210                    *The bitterness residing*  
211                    *In all things beautiful.*

212    *Incubate these tender growths,*  
213    *Explode them in rage and delight,*

214                    **(It says)**

215                    *Burn them in your cold embers,*  
216    *Dim them in your long dotage,*

217                    *Then speak to us in senile riddles*  
218                    *About the infinite potential that's*

219

*Always out of your reach; speak*

220

*In half-forgotten flower-spells*

221

*Suspended on the tips of your*

222

*Ancient, secret, acidic tongues.*

III. § fp: The Specularium (*Let fp = the fraction of those stars that have planets*)

223                Perhaps it is a lost  
224                And meaningless number  
225                        That we seek,  
226                Like a phantom  
227                Zero:



rei

228  
229                Brief windows of sky  
230                Look into future-time passing  
231                        Through distant constellations.

232                But is this thing we seek whole?

233                                Or is it the patchy fragments and bones  
234                Of something torn limb-from-limb,  
235                Piece-by-piece, like a horror-filled *Pentheus*?



236                   Is it hiss and loss, black curse and spark,  
237                   Drowned in the  
238                         *Wine-dark* tinctures of  
239                                 Radio silence,  
240                   Collected in the deepest  
241                   Pools of the universe?

242                   Is this thing we seek  
243                         Merely what lurks inside us,  
244                   A pain masked by endless masks,  
245                   Leading to new pains?

246                                 Is it merely conscious  
247                   Philosophies projected  
248                   Into dark caverns?  
249

色  
即  
是  
空

*shiki soku ze kuu*

空  
即  
是  
色

*kuu soku ze shiki*

*form, then, is emptiness,  
and emptiness is form*

250                               When we speak of god, do  
251                               We mean ourselves merely  
252                               *Thinking of thought itself?*

253                               Do we enter  
254                               These higher dimensions  
255                               Thinking of thought itself?

256                               Peer into the depths  
257                               Of the infinite mirror as it  
258                               Bends us backwards  
259                               Through deepening time,  
260                               Into terror-filled temporal vistas  
261                               *(That too was godlike).*

262                               We see the threads of time  
263                               *(For time has bridled us together)*  
264                               Entwine us, weave a fabric,  
265                               Unveiled as it binds us to ourselves

糸  
*ito*

266 And our stories trick us,  
267 Blind us to that lost number,

零

268  
269 *rei,*  
270 Tell us we are  
271 Always on the  
272 Verge of  
273 Discovery,  
274 Straddling the wire  
275 At the revelatory edge  
276 Between truth and lie,  
277 Power and weakness, and



**IV. § ne: Potent Portents** (Let ne = the average number of planets that can potentially support life per star that has planets)

279 Look beyond the  
280 Rising of the cypress

檜  
*hinoki*

281 Or the supple *ginko* or

被爆樹木

282 *hibaku jumoku*  
283

284                   Angled like rockets  
285                   Toward the harsh, eternal blue  
286                   That spans, indifferent,  
287                   Above the clouds,  
288                   Toward the bright lights  
289                   Lit up in the  
290                   Deep folds and recesses  
291                   Of the night.

292                   Look beyond our possible pasts  
293                   And impossible futures  
294                   Entwined as one with  
295                   The hope of Contact:

296                   *Will we know It*  
297                   *When we see it?*

298                   *Will It know us*  
299                   *When It sees us?*

300                   I'm standing on the bridge

301                   Of heaven  
 302                   Watching myself go by,  
 303           Imprinted on its limestone bricks,  
 304           In an iridescent  
 305           *Shinto-Tech* atomic shadow,  
 306           Clinging like crude matter  
 307   To its perfect *eternal* forming.  
  
 308           A boiling river dissipates, *oleander*  
 309           Full of blood and murder,  
 310                           Distills in a moment of time.  
  
 311           And we are unburdened  
 312           By the atom  
  
 313           – Its compassion  
 314                           Re-forms in our empty hearts –  
  
 315                           Whose clock has now stopped,  
 316           Zeroing in  
 317           On our frozen faces



318 And twisted hands.

319 *And we dream the dream of*

320 *The life we are living now*

321 It's been said, peering

322 Into the other side

323 Of the window into time.

324 *And when you want*

325 *To wake up, you will*

326

327 You'll pass into spirit:



*rei*

328 Bathe in forests

329                    Haunted by the likes of us.

330                    Even if we forget the land,  
331                    The land never forgets us.

332                    For even  
333    In disintegration,  
334                    Even in our darkest hours  
335                    The worm turns on us  
336                    As we would turn upon it,

337                    And we listen in rapture  
338                    To the falling leaves,  
339                    For those sounds as sullen,  
340                    And intimate as the rain.

**V. § fl: Life in the lifeless things** (*Let fl = the fraction of planets that could support life that actually develop life at some point*)

341                    Heavy frost, full moon;  
342                    Shocks on an  
343                    Unexpected surface, and  
344                    Light scatters.

345                                  Perhaps something was here  
346                    Swimming in these mud-  
347                    Dimmed tides,  
348                    But the oceans hold  
349                    No memory of us.

350                    Like the portrait of a girl  
351                    Embalmed in  
352                    *Daguerreotype* and silver gelatin,  
353                    Who later scratched out  
354                                  Her own eyes:  
355                    She sees the face

356                   Of the glass god  
357                   Writ large across the sky,  
358                   In the chill winds  
359                   Of winters looming.

360                   And yet even there, the dust settles  
361                   Silent on the plain,  
362                   Even beyond the horizon,  
363                   On the solitary fringe  
364                   Beneath the sky;  
365                   Yes. Even *there* on  
366                   That alien plain, beaten down  
367                   Where no eyes can strain  
368                   To apprehend this meaning  
369                   From meaning-lost men,  
370                   The dust settles silent  
371                   On the living and the dead.

372                   And these visions encompassed  
373                   Over the alien plains

374            Are thoughts gathered  
375            Like a handful of rain  
376            That drips into a mouthful of earth  
  
377            These visions of babbling towers  
378            Are now weeds gathered into a ball  
379            Sent scattering over this vastness  
380            Sinking into the pores of new lands.  
  
381            I hear the sounds as intimate,  
382            As sullen as the rain:

雨

*ame,*

*(O salve me)*

383            And those opaque, glass gods,  
384            Reveal their myth-laden faces

385

Among the



*dekoboko*

386

387

Rocks of dry riverbeds

388

Holding

389

The fossil of all

390

Possible futures surely passed,

391

Those pieces of a

392

Cosmic puzzle,

393

Twisted.

394

But it *is* here,

395

*Can't you feel it?*

396

Making the giant leap from

397

Lifelessness to life

398

Blowing through us in the

399                   Twilight of our idols  
400                   And the low-lit spark  
401                   Of our *pareidolic* visions.

402                   The joyless gods in their eternal  
403                   Madness rule us, just as we would,  
404                   Doubtless, have  
405                   Ruled ourselves.

406                   Our chants breathe life  
407                   Into their lifeless lives –  
408                   I see their faces in the rocks,  
409                   And in the uranium mines and  
410                   In the distant shores  
411                   Of distant worlds newly  
412                   Imagined.

413                   They tell me:  
414  
415                   *Once seen,*  
416                   *Nevermore unseen.*

## VI. § fi: An Ode to Joy (Let $f_i$ = the fraction of planets with life that actually go on to develop intelligent life/civilizations)

417                   For one beautiful day,  
418                   Through this flash  
419                   Of indifferent blue,  
420                   There was peace.

421                      So sing

422 *<O Freunde>*

423 Sing us a new song.

424

425 *<Nicht diese tönen>*

歌う *utau*

426 Pray



427                   <O *salve me*>  
428                   Bring us messages from  
429                   Beyond lifeless matter:  
  
430                   *Form is emptiness, emptiness form*  
431                   (Such words of wisdom).  
  
432                   I am the pause between notes  
433                   (The pause between thrusts)  
434                   Which falls like the drip-drop of water.  
  
435                                   I am the conception of information  
436                   And the inception of conformation;  
437                                   Two dimensions,  
438   Rendered as flesh;  
439   Three-dimensions in thought,  
440                   Looping upward through  
441                   An infinite stare.  
  
442                   *Emptiness becomes form.*

443 I sit here  
444 (As eternity decays  
445 Into time and motion  
446 And rises again)  
447 Within  
448 This massive expansion  
449 On a floor of *tatami*, bathed  
450 In the infinite light,  
451 And think of  
452 How you, too, might  
453 Once have looked up at the stars at  
454 Night  
455 And thought of us.

456 Among the recursive heavens  
457 And unending loops of hell,  
458 We wonder what would have  
459 Happened had  
460 Our shared lives lived on  
461 In perfect parallels.

462                   What would we be today?  
463                    Would we have drunk in the stars  
464                    As deeply as before?

465                   Would you have turned us away  
466                    Indifferent?

467                   Would we have  
468                    Destroyed you  
469                    Even as we adored you?

470                   Time and tide lap at our feet  
471                    Pull us inward,  
472                    Closer to rhythm and rhyme,  
473

474                    <O sing  
475                    *Sing us a new song*>  
476

477                   As close as we can arrive  
478                    Without sinking  
479                    Into the purging flame

480 Or the recursive wave or  
481 The destructive mirror.

482 *<O salve me>*

483 Can you pray?

484 *(I hear the sounds*  
485 *Of sullen rain,*  
486 *Again)*

487 Let us pray:  
488 That the pixel images  
489 Of memory twisted like metal  
490 Towers scourged  
491 Will fade and scatter and

492 *Disperse*  
493 *Disperse*

494 Like all the verses ever sung:

495 *O nicht diese tönen.*

496 (Let us pray)

497 *O salve me*

**VII. § fc: Broken Mirror / Sinking Ship** (*Let  $f_c$  = the fraction of civilizations that develop a technology that releases detectable signs of their existence into space*)

498                    *Dreams never end*  
499                    We barrel down  
500                    Instead  
501                    Into their time-wells  
502                    *A multiverse hidden in our minds*  
503                    Looking up  
504                    At the silver globe of  
505                    Sky constrained above,  
506                    A sliver of night,  
507                    Telescoped and tapered,  
508                    Diminished and hushed, shimmering  
509                    Through the silence.

510                    *Do we dare touch the sun?*



511                    All is writ in blood and thunder

512                   Ailment and affliction;  
513                   The seeker's curse and the poet's disease:  
514                   We crawl across concrete  
515                               – Across hot coals and bent nails –  
516                               On our hands and knees  
517           To arrive at the seeds of truth,  
518           Planted in alien soils, to  
519           Conjure the preconceived,  
520           (And the god-eye peers inside).

521           My own fingers, once soft,  
522           Are gnarled olive roots  
523                   Twisting upon themselves.

524           And the damned souls  
525           Wandering in these olive groves  
526           Leap from my scrawl.

527           The dip and quaff of the pen-scratch  
528           Releases the twisted  
529           From their torments,

530 A resurrection in writhing  
531 Leafless thoughts.

532 The sun shines on me,  
533 A few minutes of light  
534 A day, an endless process of orbit  
535 And decay writ in *finite* terms.

536 And when it does,  
537 The mirror  
538 Of life shines into me;  
539 Epiphany fills,  
540 Like water in the lungs; a  
541 Lost sunken ship  
542 Says it's time to reflect  
543 On the eternal possibilities  
544 Of the dead and the dying.

545 We long to ascend the clouds.  
546 Pyramids soaring in slopes  
547 To the stars, skyscrapers



548                   Gouging our blues, reforming the  
549                   Ancient architectures  
550                   Of babble and myth.  
  
551   *And the dreams never end.*  
  
552   They just  
553                   Mutate  
554                   Like the sum of our  
555                   Shared nightmares,  
556                   Soaring outward  
557                   Into the abyss  
558   Of broken mirrors.

**VIII. § L: Red Shifting To The Future** (*Let  $L$  = the length of time for which such civilizations release detectable signals into space*)

559                    Rise of the radio phoenix  
560                    In a shift of red flame.

561                    Radio waves collect  
562                    In the farthest corners  
563                    Of the universe.

564                    *What secrets lie hidden there?*

565                    Water echoes in a well,  
566                    The mystery wrapped within  
567                    Disintegrates  
568                    From three to two to one and the  
569                    Silence deafens in the eternal  
570                    Differences  
571                    Between the one and the many  
572                    The one and the zero.

# 神様

*kami-sama*

573 Is not merely a rule  
574 (*Or a word*  
575 *Or a thing*  
576 *Or a logos*)

577 It is the awakening  
578 Within that  
579 Moment of *shift*  
580 Between our  
581 Strange loops  
582 When form is stripped  
583 Like the feathers from a paper crane  
584 Spanning the sky,  
585 Wingless, bursting to flame, with  
586 The emptiness

587 Of a smokeless burn.

588 It is a transient lament

589 *onozukara*

590 自ずから

591 *mizukara*

592 As nature becomes self

593 And self, nature.

594 This is a beauty, then,

595 Which evolves through its own dissipation

596 A beauty which dissolves

597 In each breath I have taken

598 In each gasp I have stolen

599 In each time I have rested

600 For that finite moment of

601

*Pause*

602

Between my breaths.

603

As meaning is derived

604

From new visions

605

So the glass god is in us;

606

Panoramic,

607

Subatomic

608

*Sub rosa.*

609

The fields of time

610

Hold us all.

611

*Hidden in power*

612

*Hidden in strange currents*

613

*Flowing strangely.*

614

Escape the maze's loops,

615

Derive life from the inert.

616 Call forth the spiral in  
617 A fraction of time,  
618 Seconds are stretched out  
619 Like the pliant threads  
620 Of a tattered robe,  
621 Or an elegant tapestry  
622 Wrought in silken steel  
623 Is warped  
624 Into infinite looping dreams  
625 At just the moment  
626 Before the chill arrives.

627 For we are swamped  
628 By histories longer  
629 Than our own.

630 Will the hearth  
631 Signal us back home?

632 Will we ever  
633 Sing a new song,

634                   <O freunde?>

635   Will we ever shift our thoughts,

636                   Escaping through layer

637                   Upon layer through

638                   Trapdoors in the conscious mind

639                                   To find wisdom

640                   In an infinite horizon

641                   Inhabited by our own?

642   Will we revel

643                   In the eternal word,

644                                   And search for the great

645                   *Reveal?*

646                   There, ahead, embedded

647                   In mammoth rock

648   We exist and haunt,

649                   Conjure ourselves as future specters

650                   And future shocks

651                   To haunt the coming ends.

652                    *So don't ask 'why'.*

653                    *See what could be and*  
654                    *Ask 'why not?'*

655                    For the mind is the multiverse, and  
656                    The multiverse, the mind.

657                    *And there,*  
658                    Through our recursive windows,  
659                    *There,*  
660                    Through the trapdoors of space-time,  
661                    *There,*  
662                    Through the *specularium*  
663                    Showing us the edge  
664                    Of this great expanse,  
665                    Like the milky tail  
666                    Of a dying comet,  
667                    Spanning the universe,  
668                    And then dispersing,



669                    *Disperse,*  
670                    *Disperse*  
  
671                    *There*  
672                    Is peace,  
673                    (Perhaps,  
674                    One beautiful, fine day)  
  
675                    Within this verse.

# 心經

*shingyou*

## Acknowledgements

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Images adapted from Tenmon Bun’ya No Zu: Chart of the Constellations and the Regions they Govern. [天文分野之圖] National Astronomical Observatory of Japan. Found online here: <https://www.nao.ac.jp/en/gallery/weekly/2014/20140313-old-illustration.html>

*Bio*

# *poetics and process: a conversation*

## WHY PRINT DOCUMENT?

*The Operating System uses the language “print document” to differentiate from the book-object as part of our mission to distinguish the act of documentation-in-book-FORM from the act of publishing as a backwards-facing replication of the book’s agentive \*role\* as it may have appeared the last several centuries of its history. Ultimately, I approach the book as TECHNOLOGY: one of a variety of printed documents (in this case, bound) that humans have invented and in turn used to archive and disseminate ideas, beliefs, stories, and other evidence of production.*

*Ownership and use of printing presses and access to (or restriction of) printed materials has long been a site of struggle, related in many ways to revolutionary activity and the fight for civil rights and free speech all over the world. While (in many countries) the contemporary quotidian landscape has indeed drastically shifted in its access to platforms for sharing information and in the widespread ability to “publish” digitally, even with extremely limited resources, the importance of publication on physical media has not diminished. In fact, this may be the most critical time in recent history for activist groups, artists, and others to insist upon learning, establishing, and encouraging personal and community documentation practices. Hear me out.*

*With The OS’s print endeavors I wanted to open up a conversation about this: the ultimately radical, transgressive act of creating PRINT /DOCUMENTATION in the digital age. It’s a question of the archive, and of history: who gets to tell the story, and what evidence of our life, our behaviors, our experiences are we leaving behind? We can know little to nothing about the future into which we’re leaving an unprecedentedly digital document trail — but we can be assured that publications, government agencies, museums, schools, and other institutional powers that be will continue to leave BOTH a digital and print version of their production for the official record. Will we?*

*As a (rogue) anthropologist and long time academic, I can easily pull up many accounts about how lives, behaviors, experiences — how THE STORY of a time or place — was pieced together using the deep study of correspondence, notebooks, and other physical documents which are no longer the norm in many lives and practices. As we move our creative behaviors towards digital note taking, and even audio and video, what can we predict about future technology that is in any way assuring that our stories will be accurately told – or told at all? How will we leave these things for the record?*

*In these documents we say: WE WERE HERE, WE EXISTED, WE HAVE A DIFFERENT STORY*

*- Lynne DeSilva-Johnson, Founder/Managing Editor,  
THE OPERATING SYSTEM, Brooklyn NY 2017*

## SELECTED RECENT AND FORTHCOMING OS PRINT/DOCU

Ark Hive-Marthe Reed [2019]

A Bony Framework for the Tangible Universe-D. Allen [kin(d)\*, 2019]

Śnienie / Dreaming - Marta Zelwan/Krystyna Sakowicz,

(Polish-English/dual-language) trans. Victoria Miluch [glossarium, 2019]

Opera on TV-James Brunton [kin(d)\*, 2019]

Alparegho: Pareil-À-Rien / Alparegho, Like Nothing Else - Hélène Sanguinetti

(French-English/dual-language), trans. Ann Cefola [glossarium, 2019]

Hall of Waters-Berry Grass [kin(d)\*, 2019]

High Tide Of The Eyes - Bijan Elahi (Farsi-English/dual-language)

trans. Rebecca Ruth Gould and Kayvan Tahmasebian [glossarium, 2019]

I Made for You a New Machine and All it Does is Hope - Richard Lucyshyn [2019]

Illusory Borders-Heidi Reszies [2019]

Transitional Object-Adrian Silbernagel [kin(d)\*, 2019]

A Year of Misreading the Wildcats [2019]

An Absence So Great and Spontaneous It Is Evidence of Light - Anne Gorricks [2018]

The Book of Everyday Instruction - Chloe Bass [2018]

Executive Orders Vol. II - a collaboration with the Organism for Poetic Research [2018]

One More Revolution - Andrea Mazzariello [2018]

The Suitcase Tree - Filip Marinovich [2018]

Chlorosis - Michael Flatt and Derrick Mund [2018]

Sussuros a Mi Padre - Erick Sáenz [2018]

Sharing Plastic - Blake Nemec [2018]

The Book of Sounds - Mehdi Navid (Farsi dual language, trans. Tina Rahimi) [2018]

In Corpore Sano : Creative Practice and the Challenged Body [Anthology, 2018];

Lynne DeSilva-Johnson and Jay Besemer, co-editors

Abandoners - Lesley Ann Wheeler [2018]

Jazzercise is a Language - Gabriel Ojeda-Sague [2018]

Return Trip / Viaje Al Regreso - Israel Dominguez;

(Spanish-English dual language) trans. Margaret Randall [2018]

Born Again - Ivy Johnson [2018]

Attendance - Rocío Carlos and Rachel McLeod Kaminer [2018]

Singing for Nothing - Wally Swist [2018]

The Ways of the Monster - Jay Besemer [2018]

Walking Away From Explosions in Slow Motion - Gregory Crosby [2018]

The Unspoken - Bob Holman [Bowery Books imprint - 2018]

Field Guide to Autobiography - Melissa Eleftherion [2018]

Kawsay: The Flame of the Jungle - María Vázquez Valdez

(Spanish-English dual language) trans. Margaret Randall [2018]

# OS PRINT DOCUMENT ANNUAL CHAPBOOK SERIES TITLES

## CHAPBOOK SERIES 2019 :

Vela. - Knar Gavin; re: VERSES - Chris Campanioni & Kristina Marie Darling  
A Phantom Zero - Ryu Ando; Don't Be Scared - Magdalena Zurawski

## CHAPBOOK SERIES 2018 : TALES

Greater Grave - Jacq Greyja; Needles of Itching Feathers - Jared Schlickling;  
Want-Catcher - Adra Raine; We, The Monstrous - Mark DuCharme

## CHAPBOOK SERIES 2017 : INCANTATIONS

featuring original cover art by Barbara Byers  
sp. - Susan Charke; Radio Poems - Jeffrey Cyphers Wright;  
Fixing a Witch/Hexing the Stitch - Jacklyn Janeksela;  
cosmos a personal voyage by carl sagan ann druyan steven sotor and me - Connie Mae Oliver

## CHAPBOOK SERIES 2016: OF SOUND MIND

\*featuring the quilt drawings of Daphne Taylor  
Improper Maps - Alex Crowley; While Listening - Alaina Ferris;  
Chords - Peter Longofono; Any Seam or Needlework - Stanford Cheung

## CHAPBOOK SERIES 2015: OF SYSTEMS OF

\*featuring original cover art by Emma Steinkraus  
Cyclorama - Davy Knittle; The Sensitive Boy Slumber Party Manifesto - Joseph  
Cuillier; Neptune Court - Anton Yakovlev; Schema - Anurak Saelow

## CHAPBOOK SERIES 2014: BY HAND

Pull, A Ballad - Maryam Parhizkar;  
Can You See that Sound - Jeff Musillo  
Executive Producer Chris Carter - Peter Milne Greiner;  
Spooky Action at a Distance - Gregory Crosby;

## CHAPBOOK SERIES 2013: WOODBLOCK

\*featuring original prints from Kevin William Reed  
Strange Coherence - Bill Considine; The Sword of Things - Tony Hoffman;  
Talk About Man Proof - Lancelot Runge / John Kropa;  
An Admission as a Warning Against the Value of Our Conclusions - Alexis Quinlan

# DOCUMENT

/däkyəmənt/

First meant “instruction” or “evidence,” whether written or not.

*noun* - a piece of written, printed, or electronic matter that provides information or evidence or that serves as an official record  
*verb* - record (something) in written, photographic, or other form  
*synonyms* - paper - deed - record - writing - act - instrument

[Middle English, *precept*, from Old French, from Latin *documentum*, example, proof, from *docere*, to teach; see *dek-* in Indo-European roots.]

## Who is responsible for the manufacture of value?

Based on what supercilious ontology have we landed in a space where we vie against other creative people in vain pursuit of the fleeting credibilities of the scarcity economy, rather than freely collaborating and sharing openly with each other in ecstatic celebration of MAKING?

While we understand and acknowledge the economic pressures and fear-mongering that threatens to dominate and crush the creative impulse, we also believe that ***now more than ever we have the tools to relinquish agency via cooperative means***, fueled by the fires of the Open Source Movement.

Looking out across the invisible vistas of that rhizomatic parallel country we can begin to see our community beyond constraints, in the place where intention meets resilient, proactive, collaborative organization.

Here is a document born of that belief, sown purely of imagination and will.  
When we document we assert. We print to make real, to reify our being there.

When we do so with mindful intention to address our process, to open our work to others, to create beauty in words in space, to respect and acknowledge the strength of the page we now hold physical, a thing in our hand... we remind ourselves that, like Dorothy: *we had the power all along, my dears.*

## the PRINT! DOCUMENT SERIES

*is a project of*

the trouble with bartleby

*in collaboration with*

the operating system







